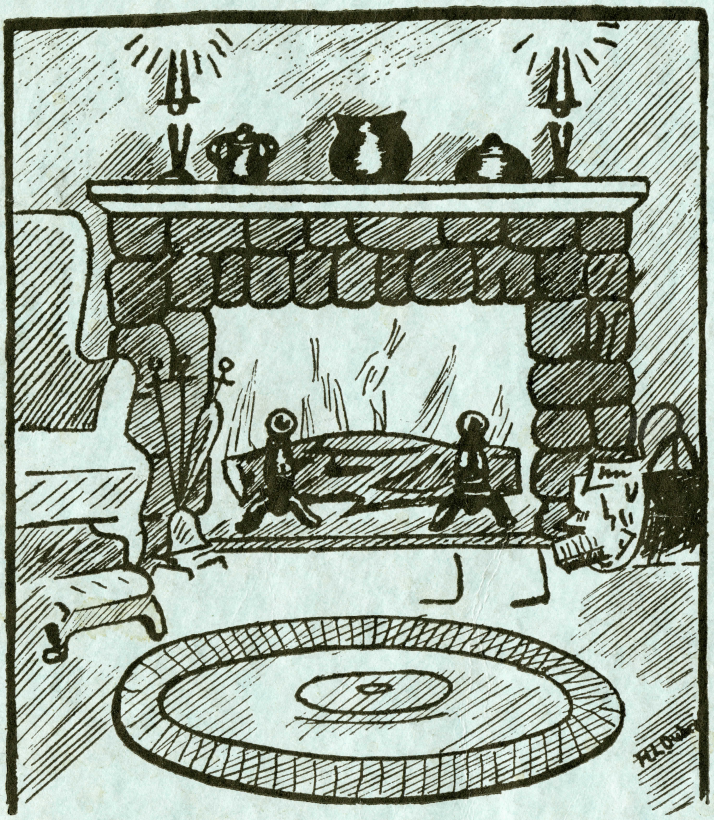
COURTBOUILLON



DILLARD UNIVERSITY

AUTUMN ISSUE

1936

The Autumn Issue of

COURTBOUILLON

is affectionately dedicated to

"Miss Homecoming"

and to her attendants

COURTBOUILLON

Published Quarterly by the Students of Dillard University

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"MISS HOMECOMING"

Miss Lurine Kennedy, lovely Freshman, was chosen "Miss Homecoming" for our big game of the football season with Arkansas State on November 21. She was the center of the colorful crowd that turned out to watch our boys close the 1936 season. She was also the honored guest at the Homecoming Dance that followed the game.

Miss Kennedy had as attendants Misses Ruth Hayes, a Senior; Clara Allen, a Junior; and Audrey Williams, a Sophomore. These four young women presided over the festivities that accompanied the game and the dance.

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EDITORIALS

In Dillard's second year of operation there is an entirely different spirit on the campus from that which obtained last year. There is a far more wholesome relationship existing between the administration, the faculty, and the students. Surely, there must be some reason for the change.

Last August the newly elected President, Dr. William Stuart Nelson, assumed his duties as head of the university. At the beginning of the current school year, Dr. Nelson showed his interest in the welfare of the students by complying with the constitution of the Dillard Students' Union which provides that students shall be appointed to those committees having to do with student activities. Last year the students felt that faculty members were exercising too much control in such activities, and there was much resentment among us.

President Nelson has also pledged his whole-hearted support to the establishment of the Dillard Co-operative Society, recently launched by the student body with the assistance of interested members of the faculty. Our President has impressed us with his conscientiousness and his spirit of fair play. He is willing to listen to reasonable requests that students make and to give due consideration to all of our problems. We appreciate this attitude. One of our greatest difficulties last year lay in the fact that we had nobody to take our problems to; at least, we lacked the assurance that our problems would be given a sympathetic hearing by the authorities of the university. We are happy in the knowledge that this year we do have a warm-hearted friend who will not think we are foolish and childish when we have a grievance to present. In the little time that President Nelson has been with us, he has proved himself a kindly leader, one who can be relied upon as a friend of students.

COURTBOUILLON hopes for President Nelson great success this year and in all the years to come. We are with him in everything he undertakes to make our school the greatest in the country.

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Despite the fact that there has been an improvement in "school spirit" on our campus this year, we need to bend our efforts to growth in this area of our college life. During the football season some were heard to say, "We don't have anything for which to cheer. Our team lets everybody beat them." It is true that we lost most of our games, but that is no reason for losing "spirit". How can we ever expect to build a winning team when we show our lack of confidence in our team, when we display a defeatist attitude among the rooters?

Dillard is a young institution. It is only a little over a year old and must be given time to develop. Good football teams are not made in a day, or in a year, or in two years. It takes, sometimes, several years for a team to develop its maximum strength. If only those of us who are criticizing will be a little patient, we will have a winner in football and in other sports. Perhaps we will have a great team next year; perhaps we will have to wait several years for one; but we will have one in time. Meanwhile, we should maintain our interest in the team,

fiction equal in value to the present gift is to be acquired in the near future and to be dedicated to Dr. James Hardy Dillard who for many years was president of the Jeanes and Slater Funds and for whom Dillard University is named.

INSTRUCTORS ENGAGED IN STUDY

Mr. Allison Davis, Professor of Sociology and Anthropology at Dillard has been granted a leave of absence for the second Semester of the present school year for the purpose of completing a social anthropological study of a Mississippi county under the auspices of the Department of Anthropology of Harvard University and the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University.

During the past three years, Mr. Davis and his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Stubbs Davis, have been engaged in this study. For eighteen months Mr. and Mrs. Davis lived in the Mississippi county and identified themselves in every possible way with the life of the community. The research has made use both of interviews and of statistical materials and includes, in addition to a study of the associational, religious, and exonomic patterns of the colored community, an equally exhaustive study of the white society made by Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Gardiner of Harvard University. During the past year, Mr. St. Clair, Drake, research assistant at Dillard, has also been engaged upon this research.

In addition to the financial assistance just granted to Mr. Davis the following agencies have financed the research: The Rockefeller Foundation, acting through the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University; the Peabody Museum of Harvard University, and the Julius Rosenwald Fund. This study is to be written in book-form and will appear under the names of Mr. and Mrs. Davis and Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner. It will be published by Harvard University.

Mr. Davis was graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Williams College, received his master's degree from Harvard University, and has pursued additional graduate study in the London School of Economics.

The Canadian Journal of Research has published a recent study of Dr. Clarence Tyler Mason, Assistant Professor of Chemistry at Dillard, the study having been sponsored by the National Research Council of Canada. Dr. Mason, who was a Demonstrator on the staff of the chemistry department of McGill University before coming to Dillard, conducted his research in that highly important field known to scientists as the Messinger method of estimating acetone. This recent publication was the result of collaboration with Dr. W. H. Hatcher of McGill University.

Dr. Mason engaged this past summer in a special study of the survey course in science at several institutions. He collaborated with those in charge of similar courses at Columbia University, the University of Chicago, and Northwestern University in planning the introduction of new features into the Dillard curriculum. The science survey in which Dr. Mason was engaged represents a part of the program of Dillard University to present through survey courses a comprehensive view of the important sectors of knowledge.

Dr Mason is a master of arts from Northwestern University and a doctor of philosophy from McGill University of Canada. He is the author of several studies in the field of Chemistry which have appeared in leading American and Canadian scientific journals.

Mr. L. D. Reddick, Assistant Professor of History at Dillard, has been granted a fellowship by the General Education Board for study at the University of Chicago. Mr. Reddick will pursue special work in Southern History in which he will use the large collection of Negro ex-slave testimonies he has assembled for several years.

DILLARD STUDENTS.

The enrollment for the current year is slightly in excess of that of the past year. Boarding students exceed those of last year as the boys' dormitory is this year crowded to its capacity and there is an increased number of young women in the girls' dormitory. The students enrolled represent a wider distribution than last year and are representative in every respect. They have entered upon their work with enthusiasm.

FOUNDER'S DAY

Founder's Day was celebrated at Dillard University on October 24. Dr. Charles W. Pipkin, Dean of the Graduate School of Louisiana State University, delivered the principal address. His subject was "The Spirit of James Hardy Dillard." Dr. Pipkin said in part: "Justice is the one word which signifies the rule of reason in race relations . . .Condescension is futile compromise with the reality of individual and racial dignity; charity given as a bonus to economic inequalities where there is no equality of opportunity—the essential basis of achievement in democracy—paralyzes intelligent action for the common good. Justice in human relationships is a test of the genuiness of faith in reason. When men fail to believe in the power of justice to rule the acts of peoples and government the destruction of civilization is begun."

Dr. Pipkin paid tribute to Mr. Edgar B. Stern, first president of the university's Board of Trustees, and to Dr. Will Alexander, Acting President of the university until August of this year. He described the university as "a great cause which has united men and agencies who do not lightly view their loyalties," and as "the symbol of its founder's faith in justice."

Speaking of Dr. Dillard, Dean Pipkin said: "The life of James Hardy Dillard is a challenge to the philosophy of a passive, yet sophisticated world. I have looked upon his face, eager in hope of justice, but aware of the long night of inhumanity. And yet, he has given us a philosophy of a chivalry in human relations which can transform a barren, stupid age of drift in race affairs into an age of cooperative citizenship for democracy . . . "

" Courtesy is no weak thing. Secure in its own strength, conscious of a great tradition of power in human affairs, courtesy is the diplomacy of justice and it is the intent of those who love their fellowmen. The enduring basis of civilization is justice. So long as there are those who love

justice with intelligent devotion, and so long as there are institutions founded upon the rule of reason in human affairs, there is hope for the future of mankind."

Mr. Warren Kearny, president of the Dillard board of Trustees, speaking on "The Founders," commended Dr. Dillard for his ability as an educator, for his life as a "Christian gentlemen," and for his long service in the interest of education of Negroes.

Rev. W. J. Faulkner, Chaplain of Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., and Rev. R. W. Coleman, of New Orleans, conducted the religious exercises. Dr. Wm. Stuart Nelson, pesident of Dillard University, presided. Prominent among the visitors were four members of the board of the American Missionary Association, Mrs. W. W. Pagburn, Mrs. Raymond S. Jewett, Miss Ruth A. Morton, and Dr. Fred L. Brownlee, Executve Secretary. Dr. Dillard, at the age 80, is now head of the board of Regents of William and Mary College, Charlottesville, Virginia. He was unable to attend the exercises because of a banquet given in his honer Monday night by the Charlottesville Chamber of Commerce, but expressed his regrets in a message which President Nelson read at the meeting.

Dr. Nelson delivered a brief address over Radio Station WSMB, local NBC outlet, as a part of the Founder's Day Program at four-thirty in the afternoon. The university a capella choir under the direction of Frederick Hall, presented a thirty minute program.

"Dillard University represents an effort in co-operative undertaking of the highest possible moment," President Nelson declared. "There is distinction in being the youngest university in America, but there is vastly greater distinction in being the high achievement of so many elements in our American life," he continued.

If Dillard University was born of community dreaming and thinking and laboring, Dillard's conception of her role is that of giving herself back to the community in service. Indeed, we believe that already during the brief career the university has demonstrated her attitude in this respect." Dr. Nelson then discussed briefly the methods by which the various units of the university have already related themselves and propose further to relate themselves to the welfare of the community.

The First Annual Founder's Day Dinner sponsored by the Alumni was the final event of the day. President Wm. Stuart Nelson delivered the principal address.

In addition to characterizing the uniting of the graduates of Straight College and New Orleans University in the one Dillard Alumni group as a great achievement in the realm of the spirit, he called upon the alumni group for an expression of their interest in the university though material assistance in the form of special gifts and the raising of Alumni Scholarship Funds .

Other speakers included Dean Horace Mann Bond, representing the Faculty, Dr. Fred L. Brownlee, Executive Secretary of the American Missionary Association, and Mrs. Marie McDonold, Miss Sarah Durnford and Mr. Clyde Jones, representing the Alumni. Dr. C. H. D. Bowers, President of the Dillard Alumni Association presided.

THE KNOCKOUT

BY EDWARD E. TARVER, '39

Young John Waybright, returning from a short business trip for his firm, Hadley and Company, strained his ears to catch the fight broadcast that was almost completely lost in the roar of his motor. He was anxiuos to get back home to his wife, Frances, and that was why he did not wish to slacken his speed. He knew he'd have to be careful on this stretch of road, for several miles ahead it bent sharply around the base of a cliff, with a sheer drop of seventy feet beyond the low chain fence that bordered the outside curve of the roadway. Yes, he'd have to slow down when he reached that strip; better make good this piece of straight-away over which he was passing now. The speedometer crept from sixty to seventy-five and hovered there.

The tersely worded description of the bout came to him again. It was not easy to hold the car to the center line of the highway and listen to the broadcast at the same time. Tonight he COULDN'T lose. Again, it was the Company's money. If he won, he could cover all of Hadley's that he had ever used; if he lost . . . again . . .well, he'd . . . But he COULDN'T this time! He'd been lucky enough to find out that even Young Corbett's trainer didn't give his boy much of a chance to whip Kid Larkin, and had actually bet against him. John had verified the rumor before he placed his own bet on Larkin.

When he slowed down to fifty again he could hear much beter. So Young Corbett was carring the fight to Kid Larkin! Well, that was expected; it was because everybody knew that Corbett was aggressive that Waybright had been able to get such favorable odds on Larkin. In the seventh round the Kid was taking two punches to every one he was able to land on his rugged opponent. John Waybright wondered if he'd been too rash in putting so much money on Larkin. He thought about the pickle he'd be in if he should lose; he thought about Frances—how she had tried to curb his gambling . . . But it was too late for such reflections now.

"Corbett has Larkin against the ropes—a right—a left—a left—a right-cross — Larkin's wobbly—they clinch—the referee breaks them . . . "

Waybright breathed hard. His grip tightened on the steering wheel until his knuckles were white. The announcer's voice went on: "Larkin gets in a beautiful uppercut to the heart—Corbett sends a smashing right to the head—Larkin's off balance—Corbett nails him flush on the jaw with a left—the Kid's head flew back with that . . . ZOWIE! there it is, a haymaker—Larkin's down—one-two-three . . . "

John Waybright groaned bitterly; he cursed himself for being such a fool. "Get up, Larkin, damn you!" he muttered through his teeth.

"Four-five-six-seven . . ." the count progressed. Waybright's b r a i n whirled.The money, Frances, John Waybright, the smart gambler! Frances, poor kid! "Lucky for her I'm heavily insured" he thought.

"Eight . . ." He gritted his teeth even tighter. Glancing to his right, he became more and more aware of

the drop beyond the chain fence. "Nine . . ." He'd have to do it now. Closing his eyes in a sudden wave of pity for himself, Waybright jammed the accelerator to the floor, swerved sharply to the right and crashed through the restraining chain. He had a sense of flying through soft darkness; then the friendly tops of the scrub oaks rushed up to meet him. A searing flame of pain stabbed his eyes open—then darkness.

Next morning, pretty Frances Waybright stared dully at the floor as a police lieutenant told her of the accident. She had been awake all night, waiting for John's return. With daybreak she had secured the morning paper and had listlessly turned over its pages when the door-bell rang. When the police had entered at her invitation, she sank into the nearest chair and tried to steel herself for the bad news she felt sure they brought. The paper slipped open at her feet. As the awful truth beat its way into her mind, she became aware that, quite irrelevantly, her eyes were following a bold-face heading that ran:

Kid Larkin Winner Over Young Corbett

Subsonsciously, her eye followed the account, though if conveyed no meaning to her: "Saved by the bell in the eighth round at the Hippodrome last night, Kid Larkin managed to dance away from Young Corbett until his head cleared. In the twelfth he snatched the lead from his foe with as clever a piece of fighting as has ever been seen here, and in the thirteenth put the Kid away after one minute and fifty-three seconds of battling."

Something snapped in her then: the lines blurred and ran into each other. She slipped forward and gently sank into a darkness like that which John Waybright had rushed to meet beyond the fence last night.

CAMPMEETING

BY HELEN WILKERSON, '39

The crowd had started to gather just after sunrise. Before the red disc had crept well above the hilltops over in the east, the little churchyard was filled to overflowing with shuffling, boisterous, gaily-dressed Negroes. They had come on foot; they had come in Fords that dated back more than a decade; and many who lived in distant parts of the countryside came in the same decrepit buggies that their fathers had used. The road was heavily curtained with dust that swirled above the sweating, happy mass of people. It was camp-meeting time in Alabama.

The little whitewashed church, that had looked so serene in the rays of the morning sun, was now enveloped in the gray cloud of dust that rose higher and higher with each newly arrived group. The men and women who thronged about its entrance were dressed in their Sunday finery. One saw Prince Albert coats, once black but now faded into a dull green, that had been handed down through several generations from some benevolent old slave master. There were dresses with enormous leg-of-mutton sleeves that had once belonged to plantation mistresses. All of the older folk thus

fell into a pattern, and were easily distinguished from the younger generation who disdained these old-fashioned garments. It was to this younger group that one had to look for color. Girls with black and shining faces appeared in bright reds and greens, attempting to imitate the fashion models they had seen in the cheap magazines which found their way into the backwoods. Young men sported loud blue, and obviously cheap, summer suits; their shoes were an even louder yellow. There were scores of children. Their freshly scrubbed faces beamed with delight when one of their elders complimented them on their stiffly starched knee trousers or printed calico dresses.

About ten o'clock the last of the worshippers had arrived, had exchanged noisy greetings, and the service was begun. The preacher, a fat, oily man in a long frocktail coat, had spent practically the whole morning moving about among the crowd, exchanging talk about the crops and the weather with the older men, and lightly bantering with the women—especially the younger ones. He had made numerous promises to eat something from the baskets which the women had brought. Now, he was settled in the pulpit of the little church, the crowd was gradually stilled, and after a brief moment during which he knelt to pray, he signaled to the choir leader to "raise" the first hymn.

Sister Tompkins had led the singing at camp-meetings during the better part of her forty-five years. She was a massive woman, and still bore traces of the beauty that had won many a suitor for her when she first came into the church many years before. Better still, her deep contralto had lost none of its rich timbre that had stirred countless sinners to "seek de lawd." Hundreds of voices provided the accompaniment for her leading in "I Know Salvation's Free." Each voice at first strove to be heard above all others, and the volume of sound beat against the walls and rafters of the little church as though to raze them. It was as if all the packets on the Tombigbee river had suddenly loosed their fog-horns in unison. Soon, however, Sister Tompkins had the flood of sound under her control and there grew a harmony that was as subtle and as smooth as it was subdued.

The Reverend Peters then arose, beamed unctiously on his congregation, and with a great deal of stumbling and mispronunciation managed somehow to achieve a reading of the story of Pentecost. His reading left the audience unmoved, but when he began to retell the story in his own way the people began to respond. At first, there were only scattered "amens" and "praise be" to show this awakening interest; but as the preacher warmed to his story, there arose a humming and chanting of phrases that grew with the progress of the narrative.

The preacher's voice rose in pitch and volume; soon he was shouting so loudly that his voice could be heard with distinctness far along the dusty road that wound past the meeting house into a clump of cottonwood trees that fringed the river shore. It is highly improbable that any of the congregation understood what he was saying, but they swayed in unison under the torrent of words that tumbled

from his lips. Occasionally, the strident voice was lowered and in a hoarse whisper the audience was reminded that the day of Pentecost was at hand. It promptly soared again and the room was filled with new moans and fresh exclamations from the now hysterical people. Though it was easily apparent that the preacher was illiterate, it was equally obvious that he was adept at wielding mob psychology. As soon as one tone had lost its effect on the crowd, he promptly introduced another. He was a master organist, playing upon the emotional pipes of a mighty instrument. Now, there were soft treble notes that spoke of peaceful fields and shining rivers; again, there was a welling crescendo, a diapason of sound that was like the roar of surf on a rocky coast.

By now, his collar had wilted and had taken on a pasty yellow hue that matched his complexion. He had been speaking nearly an hour before he played his trump card. Like most members of his profession, he knew the effect of introducing dead mothers into his sermons, whatever the text he may have chosen. With arms outspread, he dropped to his knees at the edge of the rostrum. His voice lost all its harshness and became soft and pleading. He reminded his listeners of the sainted mothers who had been gathered to the bosom of eternal rest. Raising his eyes to the rafters, he declared that he could see those souls walking up to the pearly gates, while an angel choir chanted, "These are they who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Next, he saw the gates (at this juncture, they turned from pearl to jasper) swing open and the host filed through them singing "When the Saints Come Marching Home."

Finally, exhausted, the Reverend Peters ceased. The frenzied shouting and moaning of his parishioners died away. The deacons "lifted" the collection, and the preacher pronounced the benediction. Men, women and children now streamed out of the narrow doorway into the sun-drenched yard. There, under the pines, baskets yielded their stores of fried chicken, roast yams, pork sausage—all the "vittles" so necessary to the perfection of the meeting. Gay laughter floated out across the quiet fields. Young couples arose and strolled off into the cool woods. Fretful children, their stomachs distended, were lulled to sleep. The lazy afternoon wore away. Then came preparations for the departure of the groups. Wheezy motors coughed, sputtered, and after much coaxing rattled out into the roadway. Soon, the churchyard settled back into its accustomed quiet. The camp-meeting was over.

THE KISS

You asked for a kiss
In the moon-lit air,
But someone was there
Who could stand and stare
At us—a youthful pair,
Enjoying a little bliss.
You stole a bit nearer
On the dewy grass;
With a sudden grasp
My hand was fast
In yours. A sigh, and last,
A "good night"—that grows dearer.

Mary L. Lambert, '38.

EXPERIENCES AT SUMMER SERVICE CAMP

By Robert S. Sloan, '38

When the opportunity came to me to go to an "American Friend's Summer Service Camp," I welcomed it. I reasoned that the experience opened up to me something of adventure, a chance for travel, an outlet for restful occupation during the summer months, and a refreshing change of scene. Oh, I knew there would be some work to do, but I looked upon the whole experience more in the light of recreation than of anything else.

All of the values that I imagined were found at the camp, but much more than I anticipated. In addition to the work, and leisure, and fun they provide, they introduce one to the problems of trying to understand and of trying to do his bit toward solving racial difficulties, the seemingly endless conflict between capital and labor, and threatening international conflicts. How did these summer camps originate?

The story really goes back to the World War when the Quakers, pacifists by conviction, wanted to help the country, but not by taking up arms and killing people. They were willing to run the risks that the soldiers ran on the field of battle, in order to prove their sincerity, but were determined to go to jail rather than to take part in the slaughter of warfare. The Federal Government finally gave a group of them permission to form regiments, MISSIONS DES AMIS they were called, to go to France and to other war-ravaged countries to rebuild shell-torn communities. They worked right at the front, but refused at any time to bear arms, sanction the conflict, or become connected with any of the agencies of the army. They wanted to work on both sides of the front at once, but, of course, the Germans wouldn't permit them to do so. However, as soon as the war was over they crossed over and did the same services for the Germans that they had performed for the Allies. After the war, they felt that their main task was to try to understand the causes of the war and to prevent future wars. Hence the Summer Service Camp idea . . . to bring together college students in areas of industrial, interracial, or international conflict to study the given situation, to get at the roots of the conflict, and to try to discover what they could and should do about it. Out of this idea grew the "Emergency Peace Campaign" which attempts to organize the whole of the United States in an effort to prevent war, or at least to keep America out of it should it occur.

The initial camp was held three years ago at Westmoreland Homesteads, Pa. Since that time, the idea of a program of study of social problems, coupled with actual physical labor has grown to its present proportions. This past summer camps were operated as follows: Tunesassa Camp at Quaker Bridge, N. Y.; Belfast Street Camp, Philadelphia, Pa.; Friends Big Jim Mission in Oklahoma; Dillonvale Camp, Dillonvale, Ohio; and the Cumberland Homestead and Tazewell Camps in Tennessee. Such projects as the building of settlement houses, construction of dams, grist mills, swimming pools, and playgrounds were completed.

We of the Kensington Camp, thirteen men and women, spent our summer "camping" in North Philadelphia among the textile workers. We were housed in a decrepit, windowless mansion once owned by Stephen Decatur (grand old jingo!), and were occupied in building a playground for the community, along with the brand New P. W. A. project No. 1, the Carl Mackley Houses, a venture sponsored by the American Federation of Hosiery Workers and named for one of their number who was killed in a strike. In addition to the pick and shovel side of our life there, we had frequent discussions led by authorities on labor relations, visits to textile mills, and numerous "after dinner" talks about the problems we met with.

There were high spots too, including a trip to hear President Roosevelt speak, and occasional plays on labor themes. There were, of course, interminable discussions on the field, and a good library of works on sociology and economics. And lest all work and no play make a dull summer, we had occasional outings, and some thoroughly enjoyable dances. I wouldn't have missed it all for the whole world!

SONG

Two pairs of eyes,
Two pairs of lips,
Two pairs of arms,
A thousand charms,
A cup from whence a lover sips,
And above, the clear blue skies.

Lillian C. Booker, '38.

AUTUMN EVENING

Six muffled strokes beat through the evening fog.
A workman, weary, drags his leaden steps
Along the silent street, down to the hovel
Where awaits his brood,
With shadows of deep hunger in their eyes.
Gaunt branches of an elm extend
Imploring arms unto a lowering sky.
A mass of tumbled clouds is flung
Across the glowing west. The day,
Exhausted, drops to troubled rest.

Mary L. Lambert, '38.

▲ ▲ ▲

AT GENEVA

A brown man, wronged, bereft of country,
Stands here before the nations.
He starts to speak, but his enemies
Call him vile names and shout him down.
His fellows around the tables know him right,
Sympathize with him, but are afraid
To champion his cause. For the mightiest here
Have decreed his ruin, have spit at their vows,
At him. They have let the sword of fear
Supplant the pen of justice.
Alone, soft-spoken, head lifted,
He argues his case, knowing in his heart
They will not help who swore to defend.
Embargoes? Sanctions? Neutrality?
Nay, rather is it Betrayal!
He who might justly have cursed them
Shames them all with his gentleness.
Leaders of the nations! how the world
Despises you—you, and your quibbling,
You, and your way of forgetting.

Margaret M. Farrar, '38.

MEMORIES OF TWO MONTHS IN A VOLUNTARY SOCIAL SERVICE WORK CAMP

By William S. Banks, '37

Last Summer I had the good fortune to spend two months in a Volunteer Social Service Work Camp in Dillonvale, Ohio. There were seven such camps scattered over five states and enrolling one hundred and seventy-five college men and women from all parts of the United States and from several foreign countries. Each camp had a work project and one or more social problems for study. The Dillonvale camp had as its project the construction and equipping of a model playground. The social problems studied concerned the miners in the coal regions and the advances made in this country by the co-operative movement. During the course of the summer, however, we touched many other social problems.

These camps are sponsored by the Emergency Peace Campaign and by the American Friends Service Committee. The campers and directors pay their own expenses, as far as possible. They all engage in actual manual labor in connection with the camp project. A typical day in a Work Camp follows:

Up at six. Breakfast at six-thirty is followed by a fifteen minute period of devotions; then to work. At ten o'clock there is a fifteen minute pause for a mid-morning lunch. A heavier meal is partaken of at twelve-thirty. One returns to work at one-thirty and stops for the day ot four-thirty. One may then play a game of soft-ball or indulge in other recreational activities. A shower, and supper at five-thirty. A few fellows are assigned each day to K. P. (kitchen police) duty. At seven-thirty everyone assembles for the discussion groups that wrestle with current social problems. These sessions are always over by nine-thirty. One then reads or engages in "bull sessions" before retiring.

The camps have as their purpose the presentation of opportunity to learn through practical experience how a chaotic world may be changed into a co-operative community by non-violent methods. The general director of all the camps said: "Laboring with one's hands make it possible, as nothing else can, to understand realistically the problems of the working man. Class barriers tend to disappear in the fellowship of hard physical labor."

All of the Dillonvale campers were intensely interested in this world in which we live and of which we are a part. We had group discussions almost every day, attended educational meetings and conferences, and enjoyed fellowship with kindred minds, earnest young men who are serious about changing our disordered world. For me, it was a rich experience and I believe I spent the most profitable summer of my entire life there at Dillonvale.

One thing struck me particularly as a result of my experiences. I was made conscious of how little Negro students are concerned about the forces that are acting to shape our present world. One of the greatest joys of life comes with the understanding of some of the "whys" and "wherefores" of the things that go on within and around us. We got, at least in part, such an understanding at Dillonvale. "Why do I dislike

John Doe?" "How did the World War affect conditions in my community?" "Can it happen here?" (Fascism) Such were the problems we wrestled with and I came to feel that it might be a good idea to require every candidate for a degree from our colleges to answer such questions logically and intelligently before awarding him a diploma. I am grateful that Dillonvale directed my thought to such problems. I believe I can live a much more interesting life now, because I have been made aware of some of the forces shaping both myself and my environment.

I am grateful for my summer's experience for still another reason. I was made conscious of the joy and beauty that accompanies simple living. I worked and thought with people who had themselves learned that the key to real happiness is to be found in simple, straightforward thinking and living. They were people who ". . . knew plain arithmetic; who did not add two and two, and get six or eight, but four."[1] They taught me that there is virtue in looking at facts with unclouded eyes, and in wrestling with a problem until I have found a clear answer to it. I learned that the answer need not coincide with what I expected or hoped to find. I was taught to respect truth in whatever guise it showed itself.

Dillonvale is a small mining town. Most of its inhabitants are sadly exploited. In the countryside near the little comunity are to be found many sharecrop farmers. I am glad I had opportunity to meet and talk with men of these two classes. I learned something of the nature of labor's struggle for a decent living standard. I discovered that many of the things I had read on the problem in textbooks were not true. I touched the problem "in the raw" and saw the situation at close range. With a clearer understanding of the issues was born a deeper sympathy for the people who are concerned in it.

I studied their co-operative enterprises and, for the first time, sensed that the paying of purchaser's rebates is only a secondary purpose of the co-operative. I saw that such a society was able to build character in every person who was a participant in its program. I saw men and women who, first of all, were doing all they could to solve their own problems; and who were then pooling their strength and resources to help their community.

All of the experiences and studies of the summer pointed to the practicability of the way of living as advocated by Jesus. We studied his teachings against the background of his own day; we saw him grapple with race prejudice, and exploitation of the "under-dog" in his own land, and poverty, and disease, and we also saw how closely the problems of our own times paralleled those of his day. Especially, were we made aware of the effectiveness of a pacific approach to the issues of today. We were also made to sense the difficulties of such an approach.

These are only a few of the impressions I had at Dillonvale. I wish that some other students from Dillard University may have the opportunity of going to one of the camps this coming summer, and that they shall catch something of the expanded vision and sympathy that I have found.

1 Joseph Lawrence's *If I Had Four Apples.*

DRAMATIC GUILD NOTES

The Drama Department shares with the Music Department a recent gift of $25,000 from the General Education Board. Already this gift has made possible larger facilities and extensive improvements in the University Little Theatre. The work shop has been renovated and redecorated, a handsome new curtain has been installed on the enlarged stage, new scenery has been procured, and a thoroughly modern lighting system has been installed. All of these improvements will render the plays presented this session more effective than were those which were offered last season.

The presentation of three one-act plays marked the opening of the 1936-1937 play season on Saturday, Dec. cember 5, at eight P. M. A large and appreciative audience greeted these first performances. After the performances the audience was invited to inspect th improvements made in the theatre.

The first play, "Let's Move the Furniture," a rollicking farce by Douglas Welch, was unique in that the entire cast was made up of actors appearing for the first time in work shop productions. The following students participated in the presentation: Misses Alberta Duncan and Estelle Carson; Messrs. Kelseau Powe, Alex Cann, Sharkey Boyd, and Xenophon Lang. Miss Duncan turned in an especially creditable performance, as did also Mr. Boyd. While the play was a bit slow in spots, the entire group is deserving of commendation, for, as a first effort for all of them, the total effect was pleasing.

"The House of Sham," by Willis Richardson, was the second offering. Offered in the repertoire of the Player's Guild last season, the piece lost nothing of its appeal through repetition. In the cast were Otho Gaines, Blanche Edwards, Alice Dungey, Mahlon Rhaney, Zerline Bright, Wesley Brown, and Frederick Jenkins. Miss Edwards and Messrs. Gaines and Rhaney were not in the cast that presented the play last season. Starting listlessly, the tempo of the play picked up and continued in a quickened vein unti the end. The performances of the actors were uniformly well done, though perhaps Misses Edwards and Dungey, and Messrs. Gaines and Jenkins topped the others slightly in realism.

The more serious "Slave with Two Faces" by Mary Carolyn Wells was the outstanding performance of the evening. Indeed, it ranks with the best work done by the Guild at any time last season. The play is subtle and requires sympathy on the part of actors. The cast brought to their roles those qualities needed to catch and hold the attention of the audience. Arthur Mabry as "Life" gave a superb interpretation of his role. Alice Dungey as the "First Queen" portrayed her role with restraint and understanring of the delicacy needed to make it effective. Clara Bissant as the "Second Queen" showed a control of her part that was surprising in a beginner. Mabry as "Life" was now a slave, now a master; Miss Dungey was an unsophisticated prey to flattery; and Miss Bissant acted the part of the worldly-wise woman who would not bow to silvery words. The pathos and beauty of the play was transmitted to the audience so well

that one is inclined to think the high point of the Guild's season has already been reached.

The Dillard Player's Guild bids fair to become an outstanding factor in the life of the community as well as in the life of the university itself. The type of work done and the response given to this work is truly heartening. It is to be regretted that a larger theatre is not available, but should the quality of the art portrayed continue as it has been presented, it is not too much to hope that an adequate theatre will be provided.

FREDERICK JENKINS, Reporter.

MUSIC CLUB NOTES

BY FLOYD L. SANDLE, '37

At commencement last June the Dillard University Music Club elected officers for the new year, and disbanded. We were happy to begin vacation, but hated to lose the thrill of rehearsals and performances even for a few short months. Fresh in mind were the memories of our numerous concert appearances, climaxed by our eventful trip into Ohio; but above all, we remembered with deep appreciation our opportunity for fellowship that had come to us through our efforts to follow our director's leadership in trying to make our campus and community life more wholesome.

In mid-summer we received one of Mr. Hall's characteristic letters informing us of a gift to the Music Department of a substantial sum by the General Education Board, and of a donation from the Carnegia Foundation of the coveted music set, including hundreds of records, numerous scores, books on musical subjects, and a modern phonograph and loud-speaker. We were also informed of the enlarged program that the club would be called upon to carry out. This news made us all the more eager to return in September.

We have welcomed into our club many new members, instrumentalists and vocalists, all of whom have entered into the spirit of our organization. We are a happy group.

At our first meeting of the year we were honored with the presence of President and Mrs. Nelson. They spoke encouragingly of our past efforts and promised their full support to all our future activities.

Up to this time, different units of our club have made a total of more than twenty appearances, including three major concerts. Quartets, choir, chorus, and orchestra have all been busy. We are continuing this year the tradition begun last session of Musicales at Thanksgiving, Christmas, Mardi-gras, and Palm Sunday. At the Thanksgiving Musicale on November 22, more than a thousand people crowded the auditorium, halls, side rooms, and corridors, filling every available space, The chorus, orchestra, and soloists received many commendations for their rendition of Gaul's THE HOLY CITY. Mr Hall, who never has to use a score in directing, won warm praise which he richly deserved. We are preparing at present our program for the second annual Christmas Musicale, which will include several selections from Handel's MESSIAH.

On the Friday following our Thanksgiving Musicale, the members

of the club were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hall at a delightful tea. Mr. Hall explained our recording apparatus and played several selections from THE MESSIAH. We were happy to hear the work produced under the baton of Sir Thomas Beecham, with whom Mr. Hall had special contact while he was in England.

Miss Carol Blanton, a graduate of the Institute of Musical Art in New York City, has come to us this year as Mr. Hall's assistant. She is an excellent pianist and teacher, and the entire Music Club is happy to have her as an instructor and comrade in our work. Mr. John Wilson, teacher of violin and orchestral instruments, has worked exceedingly hard, as the improvement in the orchestra will testify. Misses Gladys Jones and Laura Turnbull, music majors who graduated last spring, are serving as teachers in our music Extension program, and are also continuing their studies under Mr. Hall and Miss Blanton. We shall dicuss this phase of our work in a subsequent issue of COURTBOUILLON.

We are looking forward to the first student's Recital of the year on December 11, when some of Miss Blanton's students will furnish the program.

Our future promises to be brighter than our past. Certainly, our days are going to be much busier. We face this future with happiness and determination, inspired by the words of our director: "Your talents are increased in proportion as you use them for the edification of others."

THE COOPERATIVE SOCIETY

BY BENJAMIN COOPER

Last year a group of interested students and faculty members began the organization of a co-operative society modeled after that which has been so successfully conducted at Harvard University. Last spring a planning committee was appointed to study the work of cooperatives in other schools and to devise a program for the proposed society on our campus. This committee made a comprehensive report just after the opening of the term this fall. The actual launching of the program was delayed, however, until the question as to whether the society should be incorporated was settled.

The constitution and by-laws of the proposed society were submitted to the Board of Trustees of the University. The trustees voiced approval of the organization, but recommended some alteration in the general plans, following a study of the plans submitted to the attorney for the board. Upon the recommendation from the Board, the students and faculty members who are concerned in the project moved toward the launching of the society. The society will not be incorporated.

It is the hope of the planning committee that the society will have the full support of the entire student body. It is expected that the society will begin to function early in December. A board of directors has already been elected and it appears that everything has been done to insure the success of the project. Let us all support the movement and show that we are capable of administering a forward-looking economic program.

UNIVERSITY VESPERS

Nothing contributes more richly to the tone of life on the Dillard University campus than the vesper services conducted each Sunday afternoon at four-thirty o'clock. A formal service is held every fourth Sunday; on other Sundays in the month informal services are conducted by religious units of the university life. The Reverend Norman A. Holmes, University Chaplain and Chairman of the Committee on Religious Life, announced the theme of the program of the year on Sunday, Sptember 27 as: "Developing a Program of Personal Religious Living." The first meeting of the year provided opportunity for the students to get better acquainted and to share some of their religious experiences of the past summer.

The program on Sunday, October 4 was formal. The Reverend Harry V. Richardson, Chaplain of Tuskegee Institute, was the speaker. He took as his text the parable of the talents and held the attention of a large audience. The University A Capella Choir furnished special music. The Y. W. C. A. sponsored the next informal program on Sunday, October 11. The general theme was the topic of discussion on Sunday, October 18.

The Reverend William J. Faulkner, Chaplain of Fisk University, was the speaker for the second formal service on Sunday, October 25. His address was especially interesting. Again, the university chorus rendered special music. Professor Frederick Hall discussed the Oberammergau Passion Play on Sunday, November 1. Interest in his address was heightened by a collection of pictures he gathered on his visit to the festival in 1934. Two informal services were held on November 8 and 15. The Thanksgiving Musical occupied the program on November 22. An account of this program is given elsewhere in this issue of COURTBOUILLON.

Y. M. C. A. NEWS

The Young Women's Christian Association of Dillard University has entered upon the work outlined for this year. As an integral part of the extra-curricula activities, the aim of the organization is to contribute to the spiritual side of every young woman's life on the campus. The purpose, as stated by the President, Ruth Steele, is a "desire to realize full and creative life through a growing knowledge of God." With such a purpose in mind, the Young Women's Christian Associaiion began a nuber of efforts which gained the cooperation of the whole student body.

In the early part of this year, we welcomed the Freshmen and new members at an informal entertainment in the Girls' Lounge of the Refectory Building.

A membership drive in collaboration with "Tag Week" was launched, October 12-17. An encouraging response was made by the student body, and the membership roll exceeds that of the first year.

New members were taken into the fold at a formal Recognition Service on Sunday, November 8th. The Solemnity of the occasion was felt by all present, and the "gifts" that the new

members brought were gratefully accepted by the Y. W. C. A. Council.

With such a spirited reopening, and the guidance of Miss Carol Blanton, Chairman of the Advisory Committee, and the valuable assistance of Mrs. William Stuart Nelson and Mrs. Oralee B. Mitchell, we are hoping to do beter work.

MABEL WARD, Reporter

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

VERA G. POWE

The social life on the campus for the 1936-37 schol session was begun at a formal reception in honor of President and Mrs. William Stuart Nelson. This affair gave the students a chance to meet the new President and his wife. The new students were also given a hearty welcome.

Three football dances gave the students opportunity to forget classroom activities for a while. The first of the series was semi-formal and was given after the Dillard-Tougaloo game. At a sport dance following the Leland game, over sixty Leland students were our guests..

On Saturday, November 21st, Dillard closed its football season with a formal homecoming dance.

A Halloween party was given on October 20. Stunts, witches, cats, apples—all that was needed for such an occasion was there to give those who attended a merry time.

A Kiddie party, given by the Delta Sigma Theta Sorority for the students, proved to be very interesting and enjoyable.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

BY GRACE THORNTON

Every Friday afternoon, at three-thirty, the young women of the Senior class meet and chat over the tea table. In order to become better acquainted before graduation, the Seniors devised this method of personal contact. Speakers are invited to meet with them and to discuss an interesting topic.

On Friday, November 13, Mrs. Mitchell had "open house" and invited the Seniors to a tea at her lovely home in Havana Street. Members of the Valena C. Jones Normal Schol were also present. Many interesting and entertaining games were played. Later in the afternon, delicious refreshments were served. The evening was pleasantly spent.

THE DILLARD SPECTATOR

BY MAHLON C. RHANEY, '39

"The cloud which, intercepting the light,
Hangs o'er thy eyes, and blunts thy mortal sight,
I will remove." Virgil AENEID, II, I. 604 f.

The Spectator extends greetings to all who have embarked upon the quest for learning here at Dillard this year. His observations have given him cause for some timely comments on matters which touch activities and interests.

Each day here within our college we let golden opportunities for growth slip past us. Schedules are arranged for our classes so as to allow us leisure for reflection and independent study. It is expected that we will use this "spare time" for intellectual growth. It is expected that we will seize every moment that we do not have to spend with specific assignments and courses to explore the fields of knowledge that are pointed out to us by our teachers, but which may not be embraced by our regular world. Instead, we waste hour after hour in small talk. We are seldom concerned with any of the great problems that should challenge the thought and purpose of students. We just don't use the library and other facilities provided for our growth as we should use them. Did we crowd the library to its capacity every day, we would be able to urge the building of a larger one.

The meetings of the student body resemble so many wakes. They contain no spirit, no enthusiasm. The fervor and organization that enable other groups of students to do great things are not with us. We are afraid to think on our feet; we are cowed by the fear of the ridicule of our fellows. This same fear crushes initiative that might be directed to shaping our liberal policies on our campus. We become voluable only when our meetings are over; we then voice all the ideas we wish we could have thought of while the meeting was in progress. Of course, expression on the campus and in the company of our fellows is quite as effective as if uttered in a meeting where our leaders are trying to get some sort of action. Visitors to our campus are impressed with the breath-taking beauty of our surroundings, with our sately columns of white, with the restful air of our chapel. However, I believe they must go from our assembly periods with the feeling that our students are apathetic, that they lack the zest that makes life sweet.

The Spectator's plea is for an animated assembly, not dull and listless congregation; for expression of all that is indicative of thought and deep feeling, not for apathy; for industry and eagerness for learning, not for idleness.

CHEERIO

STUDENT INDIFFERENCE TO NATIONAL PROBLEMS

BY JOHN A. BUGGS, '38

Whenever the subject of politics comes up among a group of young Negro college students, the trend of the conversation at once turns not to the political affairs of our own country, but to those of Europe, and especially to those of Russia or Germany. The interest of the college student is easily caught by the latest scandal or by some atrocity against Negroes, but the faults in our municipal, state, and national government inspire in us boredom or cynicism, or both. Such matters called to our notice, we simply shrug and try to dismiss the unpleasant subject with the one word, "lousy."

Why is this so? Why do we show so much interest in the Russian way of doing things, and so little in the American way? I don't for a moment believe that it is because the young Negro is a convert to Communism, nor that he ever expects to become one. As a mater of fact, the young Negro

is not a convert to any political theories; he really doesn't know that there are such things. No, the answer is not so simple as that. I believe that the enthusiasm of the young Negro intellectual for Russian ideals and for Communism in general is due to the extensive and clever propaganda that the Soviet government has expounded in order to bring the Negro, as America's largest minority group, into its folds.

Again, the young Negro college student has became an experimentalist. It is evident that there is a tremendous social and political experiment being conducted today in Russia. The fundamental premise of the entire Russian political and economic structure is that this is a changing world, and that they, the Communists, are the first to give effect and direction to the new movement of post-war life. It is easy to see why, from this point of view, Russia presents a fascination to the young Negro, fresh from his studies of civilization or science as a process of evolution. But it should not be forgotten that it may well be that social, economic, and political experiments are now afoot in this country that have a far greater influence on the Negro than anything that is happening in Russia.

Now, it is altogether fiting that the Negro college student should take cognizance of what is happening in other countries. We should weigh carefully the effect that these different political, economic, and social trends might have upon us. However, we should have a far greater interest in the immediate issues at home that will most certainly, effect us in a fuller measure. Especially should this be true of the southern Negro who, to all intents and purposes, is no more than an inert mass in the political life of this section of the country.

The economic and social problems of the Negro cannot be worked out by the Russian Communists, the German Nazis, nor the Italian Fascists in whom we exemplify so much interest. Those problems must be worked out by the Negro himself. The condition of the Negro in the South will be bettered only in proportion to the amount of time, thought, and action that we give to the mater of American politics and its effects upon us .

The problem seems to be concerned with how the Negro can be brought actively into the public life. This may happen in either of two ways: it might come about through the rise of some Negro to political imminence, of some Negro who, with the force of personality, mind, and speech, may draw the youth like a magnet. Failing the appearance of such a leader, it might come about through the adoption, by one of the major parties, of a bold, unequivocal platform that will catch the fancy of the Negro, and a serious effort by its organizers to recruit them into its ranks. If neither of these things happen within a reasonable time, we must prepare for the possibility that intelligent young Negro voters, being aroused, will cut loose from the old parties and form a new party, and make it one to be reckoned with, as has been the case with the Labor Party in England.

Our present situation in American life is a strong challenge to robust Negro youth. I should emphasize the word "robust," for the political scene is no place for the anaemic dilettante,

who is unwilling and unable to learn how to meet hard blows and stubborn opposition. But the opportunity is already in the hands of our muscular young Negroes to take the initiative, to make up their minds what our race needs, and to use all of their educational equipment and organizing powers to get it. There is one thing that the Negro race needs more than all else: it is the energy of intelligent, aggressive, and well-trained young men and women in practical efforts for the racial welfare. For their own full and vigorous development, as much as for that of the dacve as a whole, I have no hesitation in saying to those who can stand a cold plunge: "Come on in, the water's fine."

ATHLETICS RESUME OF FOOTBALL SEASON

BY MILTON SERAILE, '38

Once again the "Blue Devils"' of Dillard University returned to the football wars with high hopes for a sucessful season , but again with a decided dearth of first class football material. At the close of the season the team was pretty thoroughly beaten, but its morale was still good. This last, because the team showed splendid fighting spirit throughout the whole of the campaign.

Fortunately for the students generally, the Wiley debacle occured in Marshall, Texas on October 10. Dillard sort o' surprised Wiley by scoring the first touchdown of the game. Brown, left end for the Blue Devils, intercepted a lateral and behind perfect interference scampered eighty-seven yards for the score. After that, Wiley trucked, waltzed, and pranced all over the field to run up a 49-6 score.

The boys were feeling pretty good about the Tougaloo game on October 7. They were going to show the home folk how they made that lone touchdown on Wiley. Only, they intended to multiply that feat four or five times. Well, they did all they promised to do before the game, all except cross that last white stripe down at the Tougaloo end of the field. They out-ran, out-punted, out-gained their foes on land and in the air, but they didn't out-SCORE them. They did block a punt which rolled out of the end zone for a safety, but Tougaloo came back in the final quarter and marched sixty yards for a tochdown. That effort netted them four more points than Dillard could amass all afternoon. The final score: Tougaloo 6, Dillard 2.

Still hopes ran high at Dillard, for the Associated Press scores showed that while we were losing to Tougaloo, our next opponents, 62-7. We all LeMoyne was trampling Talladega, felt quite sure that the next Saturday, October 24, Dillard would take revenge on the 'Dega bunch that "snuck" up to tie us last season, when we were already celebrating a victory over them. Again, the Blue Devils had numerous opportunities to score, but lacked the punch needed to get across that last white marker. Our team held Talladega to a three point lead trough three quarters, then wilted and let the mtake to the air to score three times. Our lighter line held like granite until near the end of the game; then Talladega's superior reserve strength swept over it, sifted

through the backs and rang up a 24-0 score.

The game with Leland on November 7 furnished our first bright spot. The game broke several records for us: we made our "first" touchdown on our home field; we scored our "first" victory on our own gridiron; and it was the "first" time our team had scored more than one touchdown in a game. The game was a real thriller. Both teams furnished several long runs. Dillard scored first in the second period on a two yard thrust by "Rip" Hamilton after a sustained march from near its own goal. Leland knotted the count in the third quarter on a brilliant twenty-five yard dash by its left half back. The score was deadlocked until the closing minutes of the game, when Dillard's midget end, Taylor, recovered a Leland fumble on the two yard line and fell over the goal for the winning touchdown. Final score; Dillard 12, Leland 6.

November 21. Homecoming Day! "Miss Homecoming" and her attendants there to add grace to an overflow crowd of well-groomed women and men. The next heavyweight champion of the world, Joe Louis, and his company of managers, bodyguards, and camp followers on the sidelines! Arkansas State, conquerors of Langston, to furinsh opposition. A perfect sky overhead. The Blue Devils didn't disappoint us that day. No, they didn't win, but brother! they put up the grandest scrap any outweighed little team ever waged. For three quarters Arkansas tried to crack Dillard's defense but no could do. More than once the boys from the Ozarks had first down on our three yard line, but couldn't hit pay dirt. It didn't matter much that the Arkansas boys subsequently ran us dizzy in marking up four touchdowns. That little band of Blue Devils held them off until sheer man-power wore them down. We were as proud of the boys that day as if they had been the victors .The final score? Arkansas 26, Dillard 0. But who cares!

Standouts on the Dillard team for the season: Linemen—Cooper, Sandle, Taylor, Owens, Robinson, and Lee; Backs—Hamilton, Oubre, and Gaston. We commend Coach Crudup for the splendid showing he made with the poor material he had to work with. We commend the splendid boys, who, though often outclassed in weight and experience, were never outgamed! It was unfortunate that Captain Banks was forced to the sidelines by injuries in most of the games, but when he was on the field he played like the steller linesman he is.

Give us some more men, some more experience, some added weight, and the same old fight the boys showed when the going was toughest, and the Blue Devils will yet be heard from down this way.

INTRA-MURAL SPORTS

With the passing of football for 1936, athletic-minded Dillard is turning to intra-mural sports. The program that Coach B. D. Crudup has lined up, if given the full co-operation of the students, promises to be one of the best of its kind ever staged in the South.

Mr. Crudup explained that the climax to these activities would come probably in the last week of March, or in the first week of April. At this

time, a general sports carnival will be held, bringing into play the finals of each event. Silver cups will be awarded to the winners in each division, a fact which should make the competition much keener.

Instead of club organization, each class will have representative teams. Both men and women will participate in separate leagues. Games for women will include tennis, basketball, volley-ball, badminton, clock golf, deck tennis, soft-ball, speed-ball, and ping-pong, along with gymnastic demonstrations. Touch football and track events will be added to the above in the men's series. Completion will be held in the form of a round robin, with each team playing each other twice and the leaders meeting in the finals.

Coach Grudup seemed pleased with the interest being shown by the students in the efforts toward fostering this program, and thinks that the leagues will be successful. Construction of several tennis courts will take place soon and this should claim the attention of many students. Large tables for ping-pong will also be available.

Basketball as an inter-collegiate activity will not be sponsored this year, acording to Mr. Grudup. He advanced as his reason, the inability to secure a suitable place for play. Nevertheless, if a place could be found, it seems established that such a team could be formed. An intercollegiate track team will be organized, however, and it is to this end that the coach is working on intra-mural track events.

"RIP" HAMILTON

BATTLE SONG

Come Dillard U, the white, the blue
Gird on your armour for the fray;
For Dillard's sons have fought before,
And they will fight today.
Then to the fight like strong men, true,
All hail the noble white and blue!
Long may her fame resound,
Where Dillard's sons are found!
Then give the boys a mighty cheer
For fair Dillard U.

Her halls are fair, her ideals new,
Her sons are bold, her daughters true;
And evermore her fame we sing,
In voices clear we'll let it ring.
Then to the boys who wear the blue;
"Fight on! fight on! for old D. U."
Long may their deeds be told,
When Dillard's name is old.
Then here's a wish for victory,
For fair Dillard U.

Air: "Die Wacht am Rhein"

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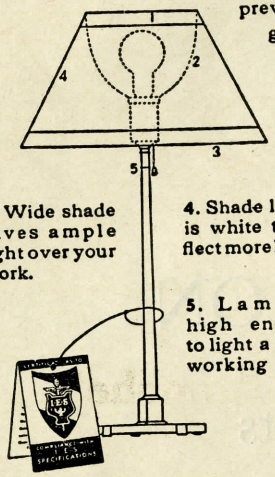
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If your eyes could talk, they would probably say it's about time you gave them a little attention . . . especially when they have to do all the reading for your school work. . . . Eighty-seven per cent of the things you learn are acquired through the sense of sight. . . . Human eyes are daylight eyes. . . . In the dark, even with normal eyes, no one can see. . . . Without light there is no sight. . . . Eyes require light to see, and they need good, well-balanced lighting to see safely and comfortably.

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extends to all of its

readers a most sincere

wish for a Joyous Yuletide

and

A Prosperous New Year